With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aide thee in this doubtful shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewel, the leasure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And am|le enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundried friends should dwel vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich. Good lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When *I* should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen, *Exeunt.*
O thou whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eie;
Put in their hands thy bruising Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eare *I* let fal the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!

Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sonne Harry the sixt, to Ri.

Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Tewkesburie, dispaire therefore and die.

To Rich. Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.

Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.

Ghost to Ri. When *I* was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Thinke on the tower and me dispaire and die,

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire an
To Rich. Vertuous and holie be th
Harrie that prophisied thou should
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe liue

Enter the Goast of

Ghost. Let me set heauie in thy
I that was washt to death with fulsc
Poore Clarence by thy guile betrai
To morrow in the battaile thinke o
And fall thy edgeles sword, dispaire
To Rich. Thou ofspring of the ho
The wronged heires of Yorke do p
Good angels guard thy battaile liue

Enter the ghosts of Riuers

King Let me sit heauie in thy soul
Riuers that died at Pomfret, dispaire
Gray. Thinke vpon Graie, and l
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, a
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.
All to Ri. Awake and thinke our
Wel conquer him, awake and win

Enter the ghosts of the t

Ghost to Ri. Dreame on thy Coo
Let vs be lead within thy bosome
And weigh thee down to ruine, sha
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dis
To Rich. Sleepe Richmond sleepe
Good angels guard thee from the b
Liue and beget a happie race of kin
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid t

Enter the ghost o

Ghost Bloudie and guiltie, guiltil
And in a bloudie battaile end thy d
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire a
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule
Arme, fight and conquer for faire E

Enter the ghost of Lad

Richard thy wife, that wretched A

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